Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things well, Heauen's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quallity, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Mon. To the plotforme maſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
He'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Praiſes the vertue that appeares in *Caſsio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire Iſland:
I doe loue *Caſsio* well, and would doe much, *He*
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyſe.

Enter Caſsio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Caſ. You rogue, you raſcall.

Mon. What's the matter Leiutenant?

Caſ. A knaue, teach me my duty: but Ile beate
wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caſ. Doſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray ſir hold your hand

Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or Ile knock you ore the mazz

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Caſ. Drunke? *they fight.*

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out, and cry a muteny.
Nay good Leiutenant: God's-will Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir, *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maſters, heer's a goodly watch indeed:
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo—ho,
The Towne will riſe, fie, fie, Leiutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with weapons.*

Oth. What's the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death. *he faint*

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, ſir *Montanio*, Gentleme
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſham

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this?
Are we tur'nd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that ſtirres next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vpon his motion: